

ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR A WHITE CARNATION TOMORROW FOR THE BEST MOTHER EVER?

Miss Anna Jarvis, the "Mother of Mothers' Day," Tells Mary Boyle O'Reilly How She Came to Start the Great Movement.



Mrs. Anna M. Jarvis and Miss Anna Jarvis (at right), the "mother of Mother's Day."

By Mary Boyle O'Reilly.

Philadelphia, May 10.—Miss Anna Jarvis, the mother of mothers' day, adjusted a cushion and a foot stool to insure my comfort before turning to pour tea.

"Please," she urged, smiling an apology, "I had so much rather talk about mothers' day than of myself." The flush of innate shyness rose to the line of her pale hair and her

trusting eyes turned involuntarily to a portrait above the hearth.

"That is my mother," said Miss Jarvis simply.

"She was mother to 11 children. I was her baby. It is seven years since we lost her. This was her sitting room, these her things."

The big, home-like room flooded with sunlight was crowded with womanly possessions, deep chairs by